

# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

APRIL, 1920

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

PORTRAIT, A PAINTING BY CHARLES HOPKINSON	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE MEXICAN BORDER, ITS ARTISTIC APPEAL	
<i>Four illustrations</i>	By I. T. FRARY 191
THE WASHINGTON PEACE CARILLON, A SONNET,	
	By ERWIN F. SMITH 195
MARY J. COULTER.....	196
<i>Six illustrations</i>	
MY TWO IMPRESSIONS OF VIERGE,	
	By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL 199
THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL WINDOW.....	202
<i>One illustration</i>	
THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION.	205
<i>Four illustrations</i>	
VIOLET OAKLEY, A PORTRAIT BY EDITH EMERSON.....	209
A SUN LIT SAIL, A PAINTING BY KATHERINE L. FARRELL	210
FISHING BEACH, MANISQUAM, A PAINTING BY JOSEPH L. FARRELL.....	210
AUGUSTE RENOIR.....	By ANNA SEATON-SCHMIDT 211
<i>One illustration</i>	
ART AND THE PRESENT HOUR.....	By LAURA W. SCALES 213
BULLETIN, THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS....	217-219
DAWN, A PAINTING BY MAX WIECZOREK.....	220
TED SHAWN, A PAINTING BY MAX WIECZOREK.....	221
EDITORIAL: BILLBOARDS ON THE COUNTRY ROADWAYS.....	222

## NOTES

## ITEMS

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PORTRAIT

BY CHARLES HOPKINSON

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION  
THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS



THE  
AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART  
VOLUME XI APRIL, 1920 NUMBER 6



ROMA, TEXAS. STREET SCENE

Distant village is in Mexico, just across the Rio Grande

THE MEXICAN BORDER  
ITS ARTISTIC APPEAL

BY I. T. FRARY\*

THE Latin countries have been the artist's inspiration for centuries. The dark eyed, dark skinned people with their colorful costumes and the picturesque houses, palaces and market places have been depicted in glowing pigment on a myriad of gallery and dwelling walls. The towering cliffs of Capri and the fishermen's huts of Mediterranean towns have been the theme of many a painted symphony. The canals of Venice, the ruins of Rome and

the market places of a thousand smaller and less familiar towns have been painted and repainted until we know them all by heart. They are subjects which we all know. They are subjects which appeal to the painter's soul because of their inherent beauty and the sentiment inseparable from these historic lands. Moreover, speak it softly, is it not possible that the glamor of foreign names and foreign subjects adds somewhat to the commercial

\*NOTE.—The author has made several visits to the Mexican border while serving as an Army Y. M. C. A. secretary in the Southern Department. On one occasion he was detailed to visit all camps and outposts on the border between Brownsville, Texas and Nogales, Arizona, and it was while on this trip that he took the photographs which illustrate this article.]



value of a work of art, making it more alluring to the possessor of the coveted dollars. This is rank heresy of course and a base slur on the motives and ideals of the artist, but there may be a dash of truth in it after all.

However, ignoring this rather touchy subject, and setting aside the element of personal pleasure experienced by the artist when working in such congenial realms and the sentiment which such places inspire, is not the European subject more or less a fetic? On the contrary should it not be a patriotic pleasure and is it not a patriotic duty to place before the eyes of the world the treasures of our own national realm of beauty rather than to advertise constantly the superiority of other lands.

Many of our American artists have already caught the spell of America's wealth of beauty; the fishing villages of the Atlantic coast, the mountain fastnesses of the Appalachians and Rockies and the glowing deserts of New Mexico and Arizona are becoming familiar to people who formerly thought that the Gods exhausted their store of beauty when they created Europe.

It would seem that the thrill of the explorer would tend to lure the artist to the virgin lands waiting to be conquered by his brush and palette. One of the least known, most varied and altogether tempting fields to the virile and adventurous artist is the vast stretch of country along the Mexican Border. It ranges in character from the palm jungle at its southernmost tip below Brownsville, Texas, through the wild volcanic country of the Big Bend district of the same state, to the painted deserts and purple mountains which distinguish its western reaches. It provides a variety of scenery that should satisfy the most exacting tastes. Aside from its natural interest and beauty it possesses a human charm which few suspect. Scattered along this eighteen hundred miles of borderland is found a population so absolutely un-American, so foreign in its every attribute that it is difficult to convince oneself that one is not in a foreign land.

Excepting isolated cities such as Brownsville, Laredo, El Paso and a few others, this population is composed almost entirely of Mexicans. They speak their native

language, preserve their native customs and in every way continue the traditions of their Spanish and Aztec origin.

Many of these border towns are mere groups, of the most squalid hovels, yet possess a certain picturesqueness that can not but appeal to the artist. The houses vary in character according to the materials available for building purposes. Along the Texas border where stone is to be found commonly, the walls are usually laid up in rude masonry, plastered over to give it a smooth finish. In some of the towns, notably Roma and San Ygnacio below Laredo, some rather pretentious effects have been produced in this way and are so thoroughly Latin in effect that pictures of them might well pass for scenes in Spain or Italy. In fact it would be hard to find, even "over there," a more picturesque spot than the little town of Roma, perched on a hill high above the Rio Grande. The river at this point broadens into a very respectable stream with the evident intention of making amends for its shriveled appearance along most of its length.

Roma is a tiny town, entirely untouched by the railroad or by other modern innovations. Aside from the soldiers who are kept there by the government, the place is thoroughly Mexican. The quaint architecture of its streets, the little dark eyed, dark skinned children that throng them and the slow going oxen that haul the big wheeled carts will furnish to the artist, hardy enough to seek them out, a wealth of subjects similar to those which delighted him in the Latin countries.

Not only do the buildings echo those forms and details but the same love of color is evident and the glaring white of stucco walls is relieved by blue doorways and window trims. Color is introduced elsewhere as opportunity permits, as for instance on the little church at San Ygnacio where the simple spire is glorified by rather startling trimmings and stripings, mostly in their favorite blue.

San Ygnacio, although a mere village, has an astonishing number of picturesque bits, both in stucco covered stone and in wattled walls. The latter type of house, with the walls of interlaced sticks daubed with mud, and with roofs of thatch, is to be found commonly along the entire border.





BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS. MEXICAN CARTMAN

These quaint hovels are always picturesque, being especially so where the addition of a rude thatched porch adds deep shadow effects and brings the family life out into the open.

As one travels westward along the border and enters the El Paso district, stone disappears to a large extent as a building material and in its place are substituted sun dried adobe bricks. These bricks lack the charm of stone or stucco because of their lifeless gray color, and were usually covered with a coating of stucco by the Spanish builders. Modern American thrift ignores this refinement thus diminishing picturesqueness in about the ratio that efficiency increases.

Interesting examples of stucco coated buildings are to be found in the old churches at Ysleta, Socorro and San Elizario in the El Paso district and at various points in New Mexico and Arizona which were colonized by the old Spanish padres.

These old buildings have a wealth of historic and sentimental interest clustering about them and the one at Ysleta contests the claim of the Santa Fe church, that it is the oldest of the Spanish missions of the southwest.

Most of these churches have been carefully preserved or restored, too much so perhaps to suit the artist with a taste for picturesque decay. For such, the old mission on the road from Nogales to Tucson in Arizona will prove a delight.

In San Xavier near Tucson the original frescoes are still well preserved and although they may be criticized as being crude (which the purist might say of much Spanish decoration), they are vigorous and should delight the soul of a lover of glowing interiors.

Here too the court with its cloisters and the rear screen through whose open arches are to be seen entrancing vistas of distant purple mountains will provide rich material for the artist whose fancy tends that way. Moreover, the groups of little Indians in charge of the quiet sisters provide a fertile source of inspiration to the genre painter.

Artists who do not care for architectural or genre subjects will find that the borderland offers landscape effects in interesting and unique variety. In the lower valley and at other places where water is available, there is to be found luxuriant vegetation of a semitropical character. Elsewhere much of the country is arid desert land





OLD MISSION AT SAN ELIZARIO, TEXAS

Interesting examples of stucco coated buildings are to be found in the old churches



ROMA, TEXAS

Slow going oxen that haul the big wheeled carts



covered with a stunted growth of cactus, mesquite, greasewood and other indigenous plant life.

Much of this growth is most picturesque and in the spring when the cactus is in blossom, the masses of white, yellow, orange and crimson blossoms will amply repay a long pilgrimage on the part of the artist or flower lover. The great towering stalks of the Yucca with their masses of white bells thrust fifteen or twenty feet into the air are features of the landscape never to be forgotten, while the giant cactus of Arizona with its great prickly stalks is too well known to require mention.

Another astonishing thing about these arid wastes is the wonderful carpet of flowers with which a brief rainy season carpets the ground. The vast fields of blue bonnets and wild verbenas which one finds in many parts of Texas in the early spring are beautiful beyond description.

The topography of the borderland is varied, ranging from flat alkali deserts to the most rugged of mountainous country, some of which is clothed with rich verdure while some is but a forbidding waste of heaped up masses of rock such as might have been conceived in the mind of a Doré.

In the Big Bend district of Texas are to be found chasms and precipices, which

vie with the Grand Canyon in grandeur and coloring. Vast upheavals of nature have racked and twisted this country in a most tumultuous fashion and volcanic eruptions have strewn its plains with endless mementos of prehistoric cataclysms.

To one unfamiliar with these wild desert wastes, this description may sound forbidding and unattractive but once having experienced the thrill of the wild, one finds in it a lure that is irresistible.

Oases in this vast stretch of wilderness are to be found which will prove a welcome relief to the mind and body of one accustomed to the refinements and comforts of modern life and at such points as El Paso, Laredo and along a goodly stretch of the Brownsville district will be found irrigated territory which compares favorably with the best gardening districts of the North and East.

The unsettled relations which have existed so long between the United States and Mexico have rendered this interesting border country inaccessible to the average tourist. It is to be hoped, however, that the time is not far distant when conditions will become such that it will be possible for sightseers to visit what has to the present time been practically a "terra incognita."

## THE WASHINGTON PEACE CARILLON

BY ERWIN F. SMITH

A Nation's joy and woe on these great bells  
Shall surge and echo through the years to be  
Like voice of many waters or the sea,  
A myriad harmony that ebbs and swells!

Their bronzen tones shall ring to nadir hells,  
A mighty flood against all tyranny;  
Shall seem a voice of God, calling the free  
To consecrate the land where freedom dwells!

These bells shall be a prayer, a dirge, a hymn;  
A paean glorious for battles won—  
Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Argonne.

A call to duty like the cannon's roar;  
At sunrise hour and in the twilight dim,  
Voices of those whom we shall see no more!





STUDIO OF MARY J. COULTER IN HONOLULU  
with furniture designed and decorated by the artist

## MARY J. COULTER

AT the time of the Italian Renaissance artists were not merely painters of pictures and makers of sculpture, but also in the majority of instances craftsmen of extraordinary skill. They worked not in one but in many media and they considered all arts fine. Perhaps more today than is generally known artists are following in the footsteps of the great Italian masters, for one who is by nature an artist finds beauty wherever it exists and delights in creating beauty in not one but many forms.

It is because Mrs. Coulter has not merely painted pictures but decorated china, made jewelry and done book binding apparently equally well that a number of examples of her work are reproduced herewith. Mrs. Coulter is a Kentuckian by birth and first studied art at the Cincinnati Art Academy, but she has traveled extensively in Europe and England and has studied under various

masters. For a number of years she had a Studio in Honolulu and the small paintings which are reproduced herewith are typical Hawaiian scenes. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition she was represented by examples of various crafts and received an award for her overglaze porcelain decorations. She has also made pottery and done weaving and has designed some excellent little book plates.

Some are of the opinion that the machine has forever put to naught the possibility of reviving the handicrafts but this is not so, for the handicrafts have never completely died and there is no machine yet made which can produce works of individuality. Furthermore a knowledge of the crafts and an ability to personally create something which is beautiful is bound to increase an appreciation of the art of others and to lend fresh interest in life.





REPRODUCTION OF 14TH CENTURY BINDING



SILVER AND LABRADORITE PENDANT



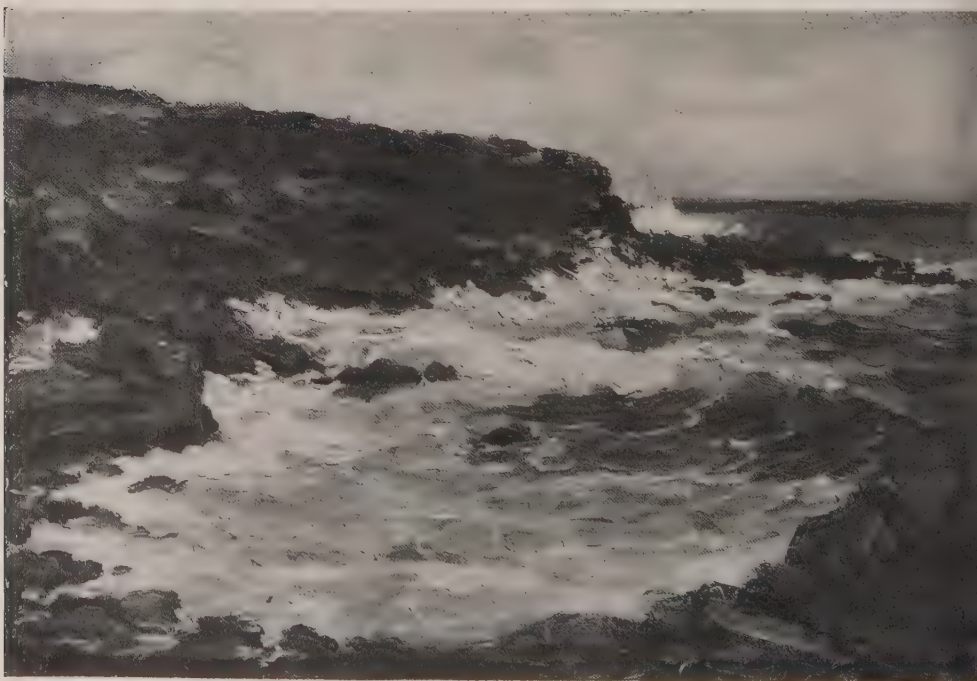
PORCELAIN BOWL—OVERGLAZE  
CRAFTWORK BY MARY J. COULTER



"GREY DAY, HAWAII"

SKETCH FROM GOGOANUT ISLAND, HAWAII

MARY J. COULTER



"ROCKS AND SURF, HAWAII"

SKETCH OF TURTLE BAY, HAWAII

MARY J. COULTER



# MY TWO IMPRESSIONS OF VIERGE

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

IT is always a risk to meet the men and women we have admired, or loved, in their work, so seldom do they come up to our expectations. In my experience—and, perhaps I ought to add, outside my own family—there have been only two artists who did not disappoint me. One was Whistler who, of course, never could have disappointed the most ardent. The other was Daniel Vierge—that is, Vierge as he was the first time I saw him.

This takes me back to the Eighties, when I knew only his *Pablo de Segovia*, the work upon which his reputation rests, though in *L'Illustration* and *Le Monde Illustré* there are earlier drawings as fine. But it was his *Pablo* that came as a revelation to artists and that made Vierge no less an influence in the development of modern illustration than Menzel. Rico in landscape, Abbey in figures contributed something to this development, but Menzel and Vierge were the masters. No one has ever used the pen with such amazing technical skill, no one has ever rendered character with such eloquence as Vierge in the *Pablo*, nor has any one, even in Vierge's own country, Spain, been so steeped, through and through, in the spirit of romance. Once I had seen these drawings, I would have been sure that he himself must be the incarnation of romance, as different from other men as his work was different from other work, if I had not already met artists, distinguished or original in their work, who were in themselves more like city men or little tradesmen of no particular importance, or else who posed as transparently as if they were nobodies.

The reason for my first meeting with Vierge was J—'s enthusiasm. *Pablo* was to him, as to many illustrators of his generation, the book of books. But it had one drawback. In the original French, and for many years only, edition, it was small, and so therefore were the reproductions. They were good, for it was in the early days of photo-engraving; they were well printed because good printing was still appreciated. But their size did Vierge scant justice. J— was eager to have the drawings reproduced

on a larger scale and managed to impart his eagerness to a publisher—our friend T. Fisher Unwin. An English edition was talked about, thought over, decided upon. As the first step in making it was to consult Vierge, J— and Mr. Unwin started for Paris, and I went with them, not because of any use I could be to anybody in the transaction, but because my curiosity to see the illustrator of *Pablo* was great, and this was my chance.

We none of us knew much, if anything, of Vierge personally. We had heard vaguely of his connection with a French illustrated paper during the war of 1870, of his having got mixed up somehow in the Commune, and of a wound, or accident, that had resulted in a long illness and in the last pages of *Pablo* having to go without illustrations. But this was the extent of our knowledge. However, his Paris publisher was able to give us his address which, much to our satisfaction, was a Paris address, and from Vierge came an invitation to call on him and talk the whole matter over.

Our visit took us to a remote corner on the Latin Quarter side of the river, I do not remember exactly where, though I do remember how like it was to all those quarters of Paris that are neither very rich nor very poor. The house he lived in was the usual tall grey building with no individual character and with many stairs to be climbed; his apartment had nothing save its number to distinguish it from the others. The difference was when the door opened, for it was Vierge who answered our ring, and his own *Pablo*, come to life, could not have been more astounding a vision. He was really a most beautiful creature, though I hesitate to use the word beautiful, suggestive as it may seem of something effeminate, and there was nothing effeminate about Vierge. He had all the essentials that make for manly beauty—splendid height, splendid figure, splendid head, fine regular features, large brilliant eyes, the rich coloring of the Spaniard. His beard was full and short, his moustache thick, his hair, parted in the middle, fairly long.

And his dress made no less for picturesqueness. In black cloth and stiff collar he would have been impossible. But he wore no coat, his light flannel shirt was belted at his waist showing his splendid figure to advantage, a blue-gray silk handkerchief was knotted loosely round his neck, and he carried off the unconventionality of it with an ease, a grace, a distinction, which the swaggering cowboy of the stage would give everything he possessed to learn the secret of. Not that there was the least theatrical touch in Vierge, the least trace of self-consciousness. His clothes belonged to him, were as much a part of him as its stripes are of the tiger, its spots of the leopard. And he was young, not much over thirty, in his prime. Because of his youth and picturesqueness and beauty, it gave me all the more of a shock to see in his right hand a cane upon which he was leaning heavily. But his laugh at once made me forget it. "*O, la, la!*" he shouted joyously as he stretched out his left hand in greeting and gathered us in. And "*O, la, la!*" was all he said, all he could say, during the hour or two we sat with him in his bare little apartment.

For this splendid creature, made for life, for action, for romance, had been struck dumb at the same dreadful moment when his right side was paralyzed. He had spent years of complete helplessness, of complete dependence upon others, and probably would never have been anything but helpless and dependent, had not Madame Vierge nursed him back to what was vigorous well-being by comparison. She was a widow with one little boy, I believe, when she began to take care of him, he married her when recovery was a vague possibility, and she had persevered in her care until now he could say at least the "*O, la, la!*" which he kept repeating with the ecstatic delight of a child learning to talk, could walk with the help of a stick, and, best of all, could train his left hand to do the work of his right.

Vierge was drawing again for French illustrated papers, slowly and laboriously as I fancy he never did in the old *Pablo* days, before his paralysis, but immensely pleased with the little he had already accomplished. I could see as much when he showed us the new drawings, for his

delight in them was as childlike and unrestrained as in his inexhaustible "*O, la, la!*" A man of primitive emotions, I should say, even in his full vigor, always a good deal of a child. This may seem a contradiction in the artist who triumphantly interpreted Quevedo's romance, making it his own so that the name of Pablo de Segovia stands for Vierge rather than Quevedo, giving reality to the many characters and their picaresque intrigues and adventures, filling them with life for us. But, the truth is, a good deal of the primitive, the childlike, is left in the picturesque novel for all it has to do with vagabondage, crime and passion. The story is told with a directness that belongs rather to the childhood of the novelist, and the subtlety of Vierge was in his drawing, not in his attitude toward a subject that called for none. He showed us too, the *Pablo* originals and, by the side of the new drawings, they emphasized the tragedy of his illness.

The *Pablo* drawings brought us to business. If Vierge could not talk, Madame Vierge could, and she guarded his interests as artist with no less concern than she had watched over his progress as patient. Both welcomed the new lease of life offered to *Pablo*, and my impression was that she was as pleased with the financial side of the enterprise. The bare little apartment did not suggest affluence. It was easy to come to terms. J—was to overlook the reproduction of the drawings and to supply an introduction. Fisher Unwin was not only ready but keen to make a beautiful book of it, and to force the English public's attention to its beauty. Altogether, we parted, as we had met, the best of friends, which does not always happen at the end of a business interview, and Vierge came to the door to shout a last joyous "*O, la, la!*" after us as we climbed down the long stairs.

The English edition was what everybody agreed it should be—a beautiful book with a word of appreciation by J—appreciatively said, and the reproductions large enough to retain the quality, the refinement and the strength of the originals. And the English public, or that part of it with a thought to throw to art, was roused to recognition. For Mr. Unwin kept to his word and did all he could on his side, giving his edition of *Pablo* the best of advertise-



ments in an exhibition of the original drawings, held in the hall of Old Barnard Inn, then the headquarters of the Art Workers' Guild, and, for a while, of the Johnson Club, but a place where the British public was not in the habit of being invited to exhibitions. I remember how amusing the Press View was, the critics staggered for they had mostly never heard of Vierge, wondering what in the world to say about work that did not fit their clichés, dimly perceiving that the thing would make a stir, agreeing to praise so as to be on the correct side, and thus doing their share to lure the British public, also bent on doing the correct thing, from the well-beaten Bond-Street and Piccadilly track to untrodden paths in the City. The book was a success at once and is now a prize for the collector.

I am afraid Vierge's pockets were none the fuller for the exhibition, nor his flat less bare. He and Madame Vierge cared too much for the drawings to be willing to sell them separately. He who bought one, must buy all. Their hope probably was to see the series ultimately stored in a Museum. But there was no one with the money to pay who wanted all the drawings, no Museum adventurous enough to face the price, and, more extraordinary, no one, no Museum ever has wanted them to the extent of facing it. In the end, after Vierge's death, the drawings were sold separately and scattered here, there, and Heaven knows where. Spain, his own country, never endeavored to secure them, nor did France, the country in which he chose to live. France did go so far in 1900 as to make him a Commander of the Legion of Honor and to award him a *Grand Prix*, not for the *Pablo* series, however, but for old drawings and paintings Vierge had worked over with his left hand—which never came up to the right in power—and many thought the award a scandal. Berlin is proud to keep Menzel's drawings in its National Gallery, a possession for all time, but the drawings which had no less an influence, were of no less importance, in the history of modern illustration, drawings as fine and with an element of romance beyond the reach of Menzel, are lost to the student. Collectors overload themselves with Cruikshanks and Leeches, with

tawdry color prints and tedious sporting subjects, but will cheerfully let work as wonderful as Vierge's go begging.

I saw Vierge again, in 1900 I think it was, the reason no doubt J'—s wanting something representative from him for the next year's exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers in London. He had moved. If his left hand did not work so well as his right, apparently it worked to more profitable purpose. His new quarters showed signs of much greater prosperity. He was now living at Boulogne-sur-Seine, on the outskirts of Paris, next door to Hamerton—of all people in the world—yet Hamerton most surprisingly admired him. The house was the sort beloved by the *bon bourgeois*, detached, with a bit of garden round it. To one side of the garden was a studio in which all his old apartment could have been dropped and not filled it. Vierge had changed as well as his fortunes, that is in appearance, and I wish he had not. For he had let himself go, a neglect no easier to forgive in the beautiful man than in the beautiful woman. He had grown fat, he was slouchy, his trousers bagged, his shirt was loose and untidy, he wore an old coat and collar, his slippers were down at the heel, and, worst of all, his beard and hair were cut short—all the old splendid picturesqueness gone, and he just the *bon bourgeois* who went with the house. Otherwise, there was no change. A joyous "O, la, la!" and laugh were again his greeting and the limit of his conversation. He still walked with a cane. He still worked with his left hand and his work still lagged behind the high level of his *Pablo*. He was full of commissions and had much to show us, for he published many illustrations in these later years, his *Don Quixote* the most important, but not up to *Pablo*. He was absorbed as ever in his work, and I think spared the knowledge that his art had permanently suffered from his paralysis. Had he been conscious of it, he could hardly have seemed so bubbling over with the joy of life. This joy reached its highest point when Madame Vierge appeared in the studio with a baby in her arms and he introduced us to his son and heir. "O, la, la!" he shouted more joyously than ever, and "O, la, la!" gurgled the baby in a faint re-echo.

A Spaniard's invitation is supposed to be merely ceremonial and is expected to be declined with equal ceremony by all who understand the rules. Accordingly, when Vierge asked us to stay to dinner, we refused, and when he again asked us, we again refused. But apparently this time the invitation was more than ceremony and he would not let us off, nor would Madame Vierge. The dinner rounded out my impression of Vierge in his new rôle. It was good, abundant, perfectly cooked, everything that the dinner of the average middle-class householder in France always is—or always was, alas! The dining-room was in keeping with it, the artist asserting himself only in a few fine pieces of old furniture. The company at table was as characteristic of the intimacy of French family life of the same class—besides Vierge and Madame

Vierge, a stray sister-in-law, Madame Vierge's son by her first marriage, and a great plump *nounou* in round white cap fastened with big pins, long wide ribbons floating, as like as two peas to any one of the endless procession of *nounous* in round caps with big pins and floating ribbons who take the babies of Paris out for an airing in the Champs-Élysées or the Bois. *Pablo* and romance had retreated into a dim distance, Vierge, the picaresque hero whose memory I had cherished all these years, gone forever. Perhaps I ought to have rejoiced, mourning it may be for the vanished picturesque-ness, but not grudging him the comfort he would need more and more as time went on. And yet, I wish I could forget this Vierge, the *bon bourgeois*, to remember only the Vierge I saw first—the real Vierge of *Pablo de Segovia*, his masterpiece.

## THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL WINDOW

THERE has been much discussion concerning the most appropriate form for memorials to Theodore Roosevelt. One, however, has already been completed and dedicated. This is the window in colored glass illustrated on the opposite page which was designed by Miss Edith Emerson, and executed by the artist and the D'Ascenzo Studios of Philadelphia with criticism and advice from Violet Oakley. It is fourteen feet high by six and a third feet wide and is placed in the center of the north wall above the balcony in the Temple Keneseth Israel (a Jewish Synagogue), Broad Street and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia. It is made of imported English antique glass, painted and leaded after the manner of the thirteenth century French and English windows, but Syrian in the character of the design. Miss Emerson has kindly given us the following little note of explanation with regard to the design:

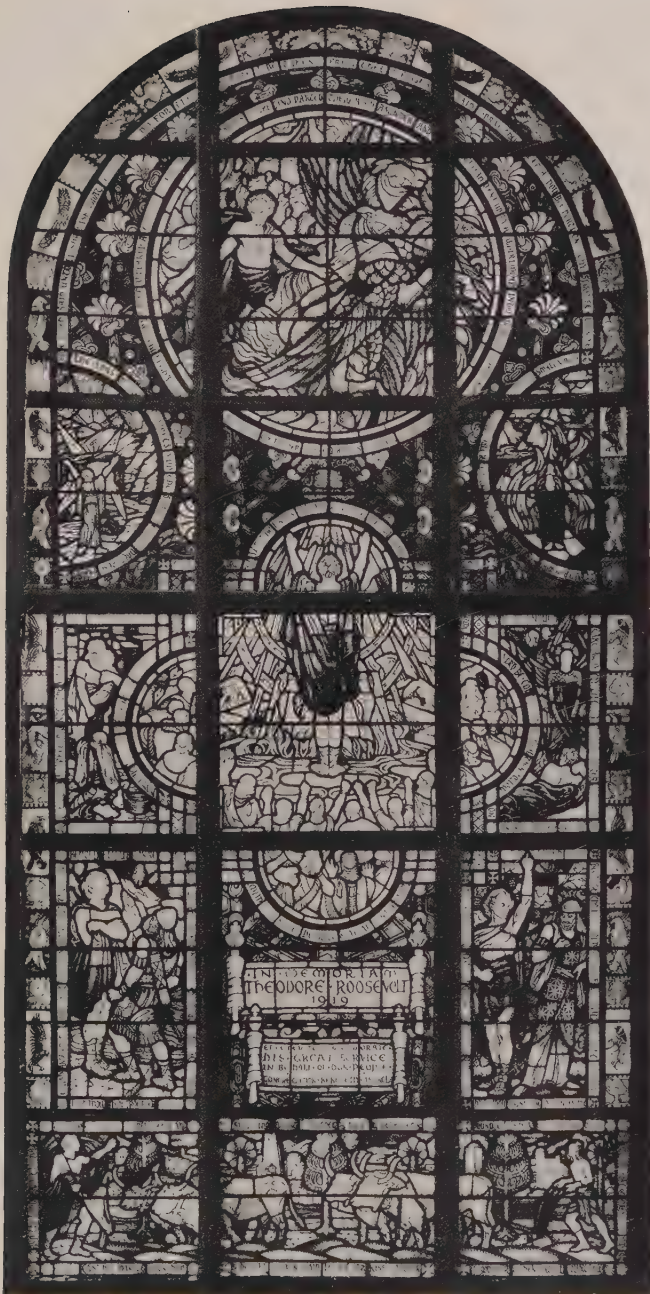
"Elijah was chosen as the subject of the Roosevelt Memorial window because of the many qualities possessed in common by the great prophet of Israel and this great leader of the American people, among them fearlessness in any kind of personal danger; the courage to assail evil in high places; the

decisive mind which does not 'halt between two opinions;' the ability to inspire his followers and the younger generation with an equal zeal and fervor; tenderness toward the suffering and oppressed; obedience to 'the still, small voice,' which alone gives the ability to command others; active, vigorous, effective service in every cause which seemed right and good."

With reference to this window Miss Violet Oakley has made the following interesting comment:

"In studying this 'Elijah Window' dedicated to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt, and 'erected to commemorate his great service to our people' by the (reform) congregation Keneseth Israel, one is rejoiced greatly in realizing that here is indeed a revival of the glory that was *glass* in the greatest thirteenth century. The glory of light crashing through thousands of jewels making that divine music which can be heard only through the eye, ringing and resounding but the more as it breaks against and smites the mighty iron bars which hold the strongly leaded glass fragments bravely in their place. Upon such a musical instrument does the light of light play to us here a great spiritual





THE ELIJAH WINDOW

EDITH EMERSON

MEMORIAL TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT, IN THE TEMPLE KENESETH ISRAEL, PHILADELPHIA

COPYRIGHT 1919, BY EDITH EMERSON

symphony of the life and message of Elijah. The hearing and the interpretation are free to every one who beholds and more and

more of joy and meaning for whoso can dare to arise and follow with the young Elisha."



COL. RICHARD H. HARTE, C.M.G.

BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS





ON THE RANGE

CARL RUNGIUS

## THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION

**T**HE One Hundred and Fifteenth Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which opened on February 8th, and continued to March 28th, was disappointing, by no means upholding the splendid standard maintained in previous seasons. It would be difficult to say where the blame should be placed; possibly with the Jury of Selection, though more probably it should be laid merely to coincidence, a case of "Hobson's choice." Certainly the collection set forth did not represent the best of contemporary output from American studios. Such mischance is bound to occur, however, in connection with any annual exhibition which is assembled from works submitted by the artists rather than secured through invitation and it should not be regarded as in any way disheartening.

In the main gallery where one time hung Sargent's splendid triple portrait of three

English women—sisters—Leopold Seyffert's painting of "A Hunter" was placed. To the right an extremely virile portrait by the same artist of Col. Richard H. Harte, C. M. G. was hung, and to the left at a little distance Joseph De Camp's painting entitled "The Red Kimona" to which was awarded the Walter Lippincott Prize. Both of these paintings lent color to the room, Col. Harte being portrayed in an Academic gown with gorgeous emerald green facings.

There was interesting contrast between the painting by Mr. De Camp and a painting by Mr. Childe Hassam somewhat similar in theme, a young woman pictured against the light of an unshaded window. The diversity of treatment was striking.

At the end of this gallery hung J. Alden Weir's painting of two sisters in white lent by Mrs. Marshall Field, one of the best of this most talented artist's productions.

There were a remarkable painting of still-life in this same gallery by Dines Carlsen, and two exquisite flower paintings, one by Childe Hassam—a group of white Japanese iris—the other a bunch of snap dragons by Everett L. Bryant.

The exhibition as a whole was chiefly remarkable for the paintings of flowers which were shown. Arthur B. Carles who exhibited two inexcusable nudes, showed flower studies of striking interest and beauty. Mrs. Lillian B. Meeser showed a number of flower studies, extremely individual in manner of treatment and very decorative in effect. Everett L. Bryant's paintings of flowers, of which the snapdragons was only one example, lent colorful charm and real distinction because of inherent artistic quality.

There were several notable Indian pictures shown, among which mention should be made of "Hunger," by Walter Uffer, a painting of unusual quality, a brilliant achievement.

Charles Rungius showed two spirited pictures of typical western scenes, one entitled, "Cutting Out the Cows," the other "On the Range."

William Ritschel's painting of the sea "Where Shadows Linger, California," was strongly painted and fine in color, a notable work. And Daniel Garber's "Quarry" was an amazing achievement, a commonplace theme made romantic and beautiful through the artist's rendering in which multitudinous details were most skillfully subordinated to breadth of effect, a picture superb in color, subtle and at the same time strong.

There were numerous portraits. Charles Hopkinson was seen at his best in a portrait of a young society girl wearing a white satin smock, Wayman Adams showed a virile portrait of Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Adelaide Cole Chase contributed a child's portrait which was both picturesque and significant, from Randall Davey came a character study of Capt. Dan Stevens, Lighthouse Keeper, which unquestionably "carried conviction."

At the head of the great staircase hung two large panels purposed as mural decorations for the Harrisburg Capitol, and lately completed by Violet Oakley. One represented "Washington Marching through Philadelphia going down to the

Brandywine," the other "General Meade and Pennsylvania Troops in Camp before Gettysburg." These panels complete the cycle of nine paintings entitled "The Creation and Preservation of the Union," which is to decorate the Senate Chamber and incidentally memorialize great scenes in American history. No mural painting can be justly judged save in the place for which it has been painted, but these panels were found interesting in the extreme.

Among the sculpture set forth were works by such well known artists as Charles Gaffey, Adolph Weinman, Malvina Hoffman, Chester Beach, Anna Coleman Ladd, Robert Aiken, A. Phimister Proctor, Janet Scudder and Gertrude P. Whitney.

An extraordinary number of exhibitors at this exhibition were apparently of foreign parentage judging from their names, such for example as Einstein Olaf Drogseth, Luigi Maraffi, Vincenzo Miserendino, Aurelius Renzetti, Alexandre Zeitlin.

The prize awards in addition to that already mentioned were as follows: Temple gold medal, Ernest Lawson, "Ice-Bound Falls"; the Carol H. Beck gold medal to Eugene Speicher for "Portrait of a Russian Woman"; the Jennie Sesnan medal to Hugh H. Breckenridge for "Edge of the Woods"; the George D. Widener memorial gold medal to Malvina Hoffman for "The Offering" and the Mary Smith prize of \$100 to Mildred B. Miller for "In the Window."

Two years ago three little farming villages near Vitry-le-Francois were apparently nothing but a heap of ruins overgrown, utterly desolate, the waste of war. Now these same villages have returned to life as if a magic wand had been waved over the ruins; fine sturdy farm barns and comfortable houses have sprung up and the surrounding fields are all under cultivation. Everything is new and clean, but as like the old as possible. The buildings are of stone and brick, sometimes covered with plaster with red tiled roofs.

This is the result of the work of one of the Reconstruction Cooperative Societies, but the rebuilding has been done chiefly under the stimulus of the Society by the farmers themselves. Here is a splendid example of courage coupled with a sense of fitness.





THE RED KIMONA

BY JOSEPH DE CAMP

Awarded Walter Lippincot Prize

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

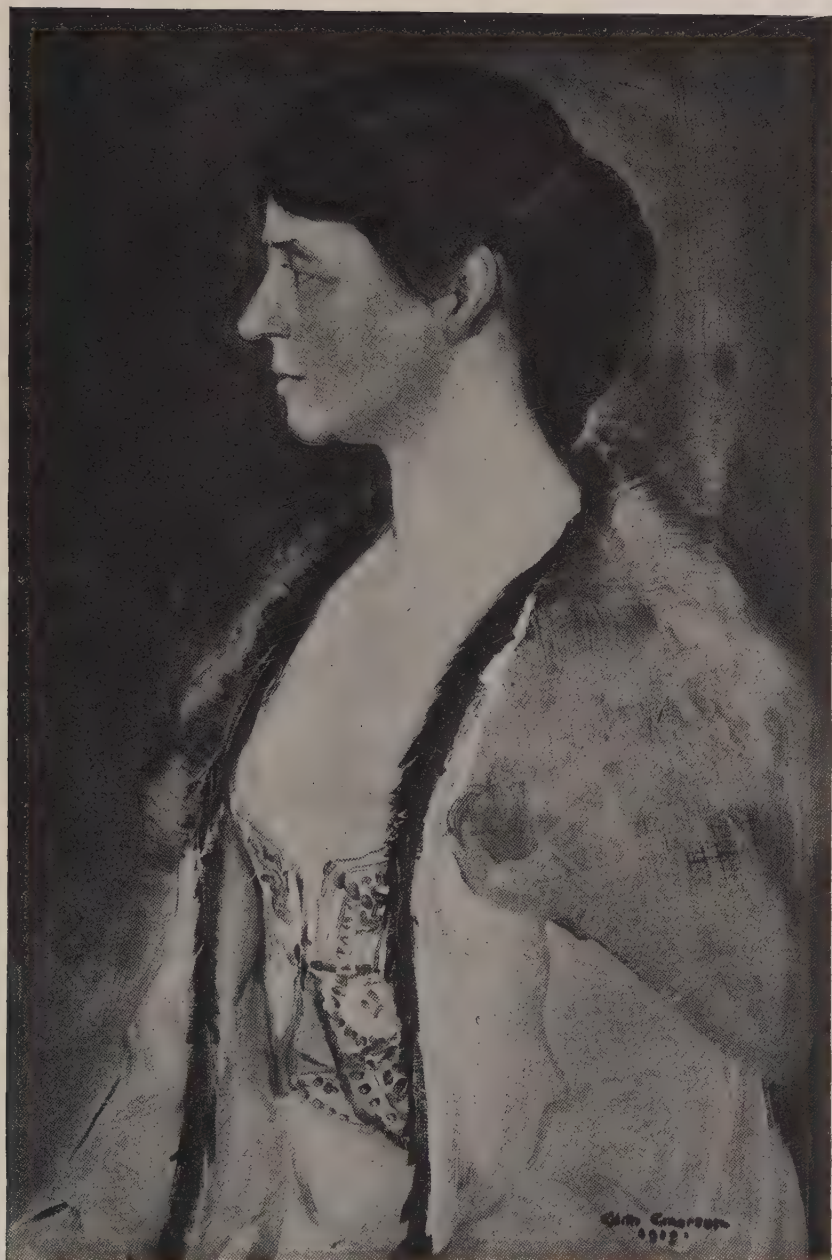


MARY SHIPPEN SCHENCK

BY ADELAIDE COLE CHASE

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS





PORTRAIT: VIOLET OAKLEY

BY EDITH EMERSON

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

See note, page 225



A SUNLIT SAIL

KATHERINE L. FARRELL

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF  
THE FINE ARTS



FISHING BEACH, MANISQUAM

JOSEPH C. CLAGHORN

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS





MME. CARPENTIER AND CHILDREN

AUGUSTE RENOIR

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART  
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## AUGUSTE RENOIR

BY ANNA SEATON-SCHMIDT

**I**N the death of Auguste Renoir, France has lost not only one of her greatest artists, but a man whose wonderful courage and indomitable will were an example to all who knew him. Crippled from rheumatism for years, he at last could not walk even with crutches, and literally lived in a wheeled chair. His fingers became so twisted that he could no longer hold a brush, but he had it tied on to his hand and continued to paint until his death at the advanced age of seventy-eight. Yet in his later work there is no trace of suffering, only a deeper, fuller expression of the artist's joy in form and color.

For the past fifteen years he lived in the small village of Caynes, on the Riviera, where he could spend his entire time out of

doors. In his charming garden, flooded with sunshine, in sight of the snow crowned Alps, this lover of light, of atmospheric effects, posed his models or rather, he observed them. "Above all do not pose" he would cry, "act as though I were not here," and the peasants would sit on the ground under the flowering fruit trees, while he painted with a freedom yet sureness of touch that astounded all who saw this crippled old man at work.

But he was accustomed to overcoming difficulties. His whole life had been one long struggle, first against poverty, then ill health. The son of a poor tailor of Limoges, France, he began at the early age of thirteen to earn his living by painting on china in one of the great manufactories.

He soon outgrew this too mechanical process and decided to become an artist. Going to Paris, with no money and no friends, he endured incredible hardships, accepting the most menial kind of work—anything that would enable him to study at the Beaux Arts. Here he became the friend of Sisley and Monet, his comrades in genius and poverty. Later, he painted the owners of restaurants and their children in return for food. For many years he sold his pictures for a few francs. Pictures that today are the coveted possessions of Museums that have bought them for hundreds of thousands of francs.

Even in his darkest hours he never despaired, he always knew that someday he would conquer. "For twenty years my paintings did not sell, but I kept on with them. If my food was little and my daily expenses had to be very small, that was not the question that I considered. It was what I was accomplishing in my painting."

He was almost fifty before he earned sufficient to travel in Italy, that land of his dreams, and from which he gathered so rich a harvest, for Renoir learned from all the great artists of the past, as well as from nature.

He was never content with his painting and was always striving to improve it. At 70 he exclaimed, "At last I begin to understand my *metier*." For thus he regarded himself as an indefatigable workman. He always regretted that the teachings of the old masters, as to grinding and mixing colors, had been lost, fearing that in time his canvases might lose their brilliancy. Never was an artist more simple, more sincere. He never tried to please the public, to win fame or honors. He painted because he was born to paint, because nothing else satisfied him.

Like Rodin, he loved every manifestation of life, loved it with a passionate desire to reproduce it on his canvas. His children, his young girls, his women all are quivering, vibrating with life. A modern of the modern, he envelops them in a luminous atmosphere that also vibrates. Nothing seems stationary, yet no one modelled with more firmness and solidity."

In spite of his long years of incessant study, he painted by no rule, he had no fixed palette. "I look at a nude, there are

myriads of tiny tints. I must find the ones that will make the flesh on my canvas live and quiver."

Like all the great artists of the past, he first experienced a profound emotion and then endeavored to express it through his work. This is why his art is so intensely personal. His flowers, his street scenes, his fetes, his portraits, all are his own, revealed to us through the sensitized vision of a poet. He mingled with the people on the great boulevards of Paris, he experienced their joys and painted them with a happiness in his heart that reflected the gay atmosphere of their fetes and outdoor holidays.

But it is as the interpreter of the charm of woman that Renoir will probably be best known to future generations, not only of her physical loveliness but of that far more subtle attribute by which she fascinates and attracts. Many of his very young children already possess this indescribable charm.

In the portrait of Madame Carpentier and her two little girls, reproduced herewith, we have also a beautiful decorative quality that was strongly marked in all his larger works; for this artist possessed the decorative sense of the French mural painters and it is to be regretted that the Government gave him no orders for the adornment of her public buildings. He has, however, left more than enough splendid work to place him in that long line of artists who have upheld the great traditions of French painting which have come down unbroken from the renaissance. Artists like Watteau, Millet, Rousseau, and Puvis de Chavannes, who were not only great painters but great men, were willing to suffer every privation rather than lower their ideals of art. It is to such artists that the world owes the glory and splendor of French Art.

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According to *The American Architect*, the Prado Museum, which has lately celebrated its centenary, is soon to be doubled in size, a large new building having been added as an annex. The collections which will be housed in the new galleries include the chief masterpieces of Velasquez, notably "Las Meninas" and "The Crucifixion," works by El Greco, Titian, Rubens, Poussin, Claude Lorrain and Goya.



# ART AND THE PRESENT HOUR

BY LAURA W. SCALES

**D**URING these years of war just past, an art museum has perhaps seemed the place the farthest away from the current of things, for in a time when usefulness and efficiency were the only measures of value, where self-preservation hung in the balance both for persons and nations, beauty and art hardly seemed a necessity and even questioned their right to existence. Why is a bandage? Why wheat? Why a ship? No one put to himself such questions. The answers were self-evident. But to ask, Why is Art? was to approach shaky ground. Yet our soldiers and sailors walked firmly up to it and over it. They came with unusual frequency to our museums, for, as one said, "You can't think what it means to us who are being trained for war to come to a place where nothing is of value except for its beauty."

The war is over, but no one imagines that we are done with questions. They may not come at us from the point of the revolver as they have in these past four years, but they are threatening enough. Shall the masses rule? To what end? Shall it be the full dinner pail? Shall it be an eight-hour day? And in the midst of such uncertainties, art again wonders where its place is. But these questions unlike those of war times admit of alternatives or corollaries. Shall it be the full dinner pail or the "soaring spires that sing man's soul in stone?" Shall it be an eight-hour day, and then what of the other sixteen? Shall the people be feared or may they be trusted? In other words here in the concrete, ready to be lived by, are the things we have so easily been bandying about on our lips—democracy or tyranny, liberty or force, materialism or ideals—which?

Along with education and religion it is obviously the opportunity of art to show what place, if any, it has in our national life. In America education and religion have a big start, and art a bad handicap. For almost all of us, descendants of the Puritans in thought if not in body, count education a *sine qua non* and few of us care to face a civilization lacking the elements of

religion, love of God and the service of man. But art we are not in the habit of recognizing as a universal need. We have relegated it to a special place where only the chosen may walk. Some few among us, we knew, could appreciate and make good music, good buildings, good statues and good pictures, done according to special canons of art.

Why they called some of them good we didn't always understand, but the artists went on apparently not much bothered if we didn't. It was inevitably more or less of a mystery and we had to leave it to them. And if of late many of them have been soaring farther and farther from our understanding, we recognized it as what was going on everywhere in a world of experts; in art as in the factory specialized work was the rule. We went to hear their music, and could not catch any tune, but our feet jumped round to the queer jigglely rhythm, and we satisfied our brains with knowing it was the new way. We went to see their statues and their portraits and their landscapes, and sometimes there was so little for our minds to grasp that we might as well have had a bare photograph—done while you wait—only ten cents at any corner, and sometimes they were fanciful things so involved in meaning that no label, nothing short of a treatise, could illumine our stodgy minds. And sometimes if we asked what their pictures were about, we were looked at askance. Pictures nowadays weren't *about* things—the subject was incidental or lacking. But look at the color, the values, the vibration, the balance, the design! There were other words but we seldom heard them for we had stopped short at the color. That we could not miss. Sometimes it bumped and jarred and hurtled its way into our senses much like the beat of a jazz band; sometimes it was so exquisite in harmony that we bathed our eyes in it.

But all of this, everything, we in our ignorance accepted as Art. Though we couldn't keep up with it, it was something to know that Art too belonged to the Progressive Party and was moving on to things

new and different, even though far removed from the world we lived in. Perhaps some day we could take time off and learn a bit and have a chance to like it, as the critics all said we would if we only knew how. But obviously this art played no part in the tune to which we of the rank and file marched each day.

In the great ages of art, however, things had not been like this. There was no gulf fixed—the prophets on one side and the unenlightened gaping in darkness on the other. In Athens in its great days, it was the people sitting from sunrise till late in the day who assisted in judging the dramas of the year and gave their awards to an Aeschylus or an Aristophanes. In Florence (according to Vasari) when Cimabue made a picture of a Madonna and angels larger and more life-like than any painter yet had done “it happened that this work was an object of so much admiration to the people of that day—they having never seen anything better—that it was carried in solemn procession with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded and honored for it.” (Was this their sort of May-day parade in the thirteenth century?) In France, in the days of cathedral building, it was often the very stone masons who had laid the walls who turned to carving the Gothic statues of Madonnas and saints for niches and doorways. And when the artists of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance designed tapestries or painted pictures, they were in the habit of showing over and over again, the old, old stories loved by the people—the lives of the saints, the deeds of the heroes, the love of Mary for her child. “And the people received them gladly.”

That is just where the difference comes today. How many of the people now look to art for food for heart or mind! And how many of those who make art dare trust the people for whom art is made! The artist sees their red plush furniture, their craze for the colored Sunday supplement, their identification of all life with the movies, and he shudders. Art and vulgarity cannot mix, he says. And certainly art that is commonplace, trifling or sensational is not the need of the hour.

But, as we are all the time saying, There has been the war; we have been learning things. Even the impossible has sometimes happened. In 1916, we did not want war; we had nothing to gain by it, we cared for money-making and for personal and national self-development, and in the welter of our jarring races there was no such thing as a national idea; so we heard on all sides. But the call went out from a leader who had been studying the mind of the people. Disunion, materialism, the slacker's instinct, all were apparent on the surface, but “when half-gods go, the gods arrive.” He sounded the call to war not to prove ourselves no slackers, nor to boom the country, and not even to avenge wrong, but in the name of the ideals of liberty and democracy and brotherhood. And so we had the answers in the astonishing working of the draft, and in the overwhelming enlistment of men, women and children everywhere. When the response to an ideal was asked for, what became of the melting pot? Chinaman, Jew, Greek, Pole, Irishman, German-American, they all fought side by side. “And who would have believed it?” most of us said. But there were a few among us who had lived nearer the heart of things and who knew better. “What's all this fuss?” they said. “Of course the results would be what they are. These people always had the stuff.”

How is it then? Can others borrow a leaf from the journal of war times. Can the artist sound a call compelling enough to draw men to his standard? In spite of what he sees, is there an army of would-be beauty-lovers which only waits the signal to follow his lead? To turn a lot of potential slackers into patriots has been one proud achievement of the war; to turn the devotees of cheap and vulgar things into seekers after what is lovely and what is of good report, is this not one of the urgent tasks for these restless after-war days? And if it is to be done, it is the business of Art to do it.

As never before, happily, Art has power to do it. For in the old days it was often badly handicapped by poor technique, inadequate materials, an unscientific palette or a narrow point of view, now its reach is world-wide and its knowledge and resources



are almost limitless. And since today, "the world is so full of a number of things," there must be ideas demanding expression and thoughts waiting to make their appeal through the forms of beauty. "In every epoch of great and creative art we observe an identical phenomenon—the artist is preoccupied with his theme—we are apt to forget that beauty has never been reached except through the necessity that was felt to deal with the particular subject."\* Now in a world fermenting with ideas, there can be no lack of subject or theme for the artist. He has before him both old themes and new ones ready for his choice, and if he has first the understanding heart, new themes will link themselves with what is enduring, and old ones will become fresh and will live again.

Within three days of each other two of our chief musicians gave each a concert in the same hall. The playing of both was a feast of delight. But there the likeness stopped. The one was young, the other mature, the one a violinist, the other a pianist, and they gave programs wide apart in their conceptions of beauty. The young violinist played mostly modern music, difficult, baffling, alluring, revealing a skill that was breath-taking, demanding new perceptions of its hearers. The pianist played one of the long-familiar Beethoven concertos. Many in his audience had doubtless played it themselves, many more knew its theme and harmonies by heart. Yet as he played it, so pure were his singing tones, so deep and fine his interpretation that its familiar beauty became a new and compelling beauty, and the piano itself seemed an instrument never realized until now, and one's ears discovered new regions of sound, fairy-like, enchanted, never penetrated before, as the delicate tones of his playing went on.

It took a great master, as it has always taken a great master to put life into the old and familiar things. It is a Rembrandt, a Handel, a Millet, a St. Gaudens who can catch up the commonplace and the old and turn them into the ever-new, and who yet is also the pioneer opening up new epochs in art. For they look below the surface and see truer than the appearance of things. They have the vision, we say;

but Rembrandt nursed his by haunting the streets of his city, the gathering places of the old pedlars and the meetings of the people. Millet studied and loved the peasant, and felt his oneness with the great mysteries of Nature. Through entering into the spirit of Lincoln, St. Gaudens could make of awkward coat and trousers a fitting and dignified dress for his great statue. These men lived where the fundamentals have full swing. And it was not an accident that they knew thoroughly the people of their day. Out of the great reservoir of the life of the people, they dipped up continuously subjects, motives and inspiration for their art.

The artist today naturally shrinks from following their example. Times have changed. Ours are not the picturesque streets of Amsterdam. Our farmers do not wear blue smocks and stockings of twisted straw. On our streets the artist sees the unsuitable, unlovely lace curtains in the windows of the people, he sees the girls' tawdry over-dressing in pink flimsies and high heels, he hears at the movies a mellow organ accompaniment to a murderous scene on a Mexican ranch and escapes finally from an encore, often repeated, to a song ludicrously banal in its bathos. If this is really what they like, if this is what one must do to please the people, poor Art, she may as well sign her terms of surrender without parley.

But there are other sorts of courage than that of the battlefield, and other interpreters than those of tongues merely. The artist may dare to look at the tawdry lace curtains until he suspects that they are only the poor dress put on by a sense of decency, and the gaudy clothes of the shop girl are a symbol of self-respect, copying as well as may be her more elegant and never-to-be-doubted respectable sister of a more fortunate class. He listens again and hears the organ speak with the great voice of reverence in spite of its compromising setting, and the song about mother's kiss—the sweetest kiss of all—may, he reflects, really touch hearts less overworked by a thousand experiences of life and books.

Do people only need some one to interpret them to themselves? Are they only waiting for the great master who can shift

\*Coomaraswamy, A. K.: "The Dance of Siva".

the scene from movies and cheap ugliness to deeper satisfaction? For these underlying things—decency, self-respect, reverence, love—are the essentials, the very sources from which art feeds when at its best. And when it rises up refreshed from such good food, it has power by means of its own good taste and love of beauty to transmute trifling sentimentality into clean sentiment, and to pass through curtained windows to the making sweet, neat and harmonious the whole room in which decency lives.

One would like to see the artist—musician, painter, architect and dramatist—step in, bold and devoted enough to play each his part in these times, and one would like to see the people responsive with a clearer

appreciation of their own needs. He stands on the one side with his great resources of technique and his chances for quickened insight, and on the other side are we, the people of the nation, with our ignorance and bad taste and our really decent aspirations. And more than ever we are asking, What shall we do with our time? Where shall we get our enjoyment? What are we really after? Surely art, along with education and religion, must have something to say to help us answer these questions. And how better can it answer them than by fathoming the spirit of the people and giving them back their best, transformed by the knowledge of a trained mind and the vision of a lover of the good and beautiful.



A SEPTEMBER MORNING ON THE BEACH, OGUNQUIT, MAINE

NELLIE A. KNOPF



# BULLETIN

## THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

### *Col. Roosevelt's Endorsement of the Federation*

It takes very little time to make history and even less time to forget it when it is made. We are, therefore, only to be reminded by Mr. Glenn Brown, formerly and for many years the secretary of the American Institute of Architects, in an article on Roosevelt and the Fine Arts, published in the *American Architect*, that Theodore Roosevelt was heartily in favor of the formation and in sympathy with the aims of our American Federation of Arts. This approbation was expressed in a letter written at the White House on April 30, 1908, addressed to Senator Root who was then Secretary of State and one of the organizers of the Federation. It reads as follows:

My dear Mr. Root:

I am gratified to know that you are taking an active interest in the movement to organize a National Federation of Arts, and shall do all I can to promote it because such an organization can be made very effective for good. It will encourage our native artist; it will aid in the establishment of galleries and schools of art; it will promote municipal leagues and village improvement associations; it will encourage higher standards of architecture for our public edifices, our business blocks, and our homes; also do much to educate the public taste.

I am glad to learn it is proposed to hold a convention in Washington and you may count on me to do my share in making it a success.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HON. ELIHU ROOT,  
Secretary of State

In his comment Mr. Brown has said:

"Roosevelt in this letter cast his influence with the Federation of Arts, an organization which has grown from a small beginning to more than 200 chapters throughout the United States. This association in the past nine years has made a notable record in the public service by initiating legislation that would benefit the fine arts and opposing the enactment of detrimental laws. By traveling lectures and exhibitions as well as through the pages of its magazine it has encouraged and fostered every branch of art."

This is high praise and will be greatly valued, we believe, by all of our members, who through their interest and support

have made and are making the work possible.

### *An Exhibition of Italian Handicrafts*

The Italian Government and the Italian-American Society are assembling an exhibition of contemporary Italian handicraft which is to be circulated in this country under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts in the interest of art, the advancement of the arts and crafts and the increasing of friendliness between the two nations.

Mr. Gorham Phillips Stevens, Director of the American Academy in Rome, is acting as the American Federation of Arts' representative in Rome. Mr. Harold Donaldson Eberlein, author of several well known works on the decorative arts, has gone to Italy to assist the Italian Government in assembling the collection and will prepare the catalogue.

The collection will be valued at approximately \$35,000 and will require about 2,500 square feet of floor space for its display. It will include jewelry, metal work, printing and book binding, textiles and weaving, lace and embroidery, and is to be upheld to a high standard of merit.

A feature of the exhibition will be a choice collection of large photographs of Italian architectural subjects, palaces and villas, town and city pictures and landscape, as villa gardens, etc. They will serve as a background for the exhibit, re-creating to an extent the atmosphere in which the craftwork was produced.

### *Pictures of the A. E. F. at the Front*

The American Federation of Arts has added to its traveling exhibitions an important collection of drawings and paintings of the A. E. F. in France completed by Captain George Harding since his return to this country and since being free in the inactive list of the reserve corps, from sketches made while a member of the A. E. F. at the front.

This collection comprises 34 pictures in color and black and white and 18 sketches.

The drawings were designed as a complete

group of impressions and cover the Marne defensive and offensive, the St. Mihiel offensive, the Argonne and entrance to Germany. No restrictions were placed on the artist by the Army. As a Captain his orders allowed him to circulate anywhere in the advance zone at all times. This permitted him the greatest freedom of action. The drawings have been commended heartily by Major General McAndrew, Chief of the General Staff of the A. E. F. as well as by artists and art critics.

Captain Harding is one of the foremost of our American illustrators. His work is virile, artistic and very sincere. His choice of subjects is admirable, giving a graphic and truthful but not exaggerated presentation of the part that America took in the Great War.

The Exhibition will be shown in Charleston, S. C., in April and in Savannah (Telfair Academy) in May.

#### *The Convention*

Plans are progressing for the Eleventh Annual Convention of the American Federation of Arts which as announced last month is to be held in the Metropolitan Museum of Art from May 19th to 21st.

The first session on the morning of May 19th will be devoted to "The Federation." There will be an opening address by the President, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, and reports by the Secretary and Treasurer. Three subjects will be presented for general discussion, first, "How Can the Federation Extend Its Influence and Membership." second "Traveling Exhibitions—Their Kind, Quality and Routing," and third, "Art in the Home—How the Federation Can Best Encourage It!" "Can the Present Policy of Exhibiting and Selling Prints Be Extended to other Fields." It is earnestly hoped that delegates will come prepared to enter heartily into these discussions and make practical suggestions in order that a definite constructive program for the coming year may be formulated.

The afternoon session of the first day will be devoted to "The Establishment of Art Museums" as a branch of the Federation's work and the topics presented will be "How to Establish an Art Museum," "Museums as Community Centers" and "Museums and the Industrial World."

These will be short constructive papers presented by authorities followed by discussion.

"Museum Problems" will be considered at the morning session Thursday and the topics presented will be "Transient Exhibitions," "Building up Permanent Collections," "Lending Collections" and "How to Reach the People"—by means of lectures, music, moving pictures, docent service, advertising, private views, etc. These twenty minute papers will likewise be followed by five minute speeches in open discussion.

There will be no session in the afternoon. Instead the delegates will be given this opportunity to inspect the Metropolitan Museum collections, which, as elsewhere announced, are to be enriched by loans in honor of the anniversary celebration. There will also be a possibility on this afternoon of holding group conferences.

The morning session on the third day will have as its general subject, "The Peoples' Picture Galleries" with "Billboards," "Shop Windows," "Illustrated Papers and Magazines" and "Moving Pictures" as sub-topics. These are live subjects of peculiar interest as most closely related to everyday life, not of a class but of all classes, and their discussion should prove of special value to the representatives of associations who recognize art as a factor in civilization.

The afternoon session will take under consideration, "The Federation's 1920 Program." Reports will be presented by the Committees on Extension of Federation Activities, Traveling Exhibitions, The Establishment of Art Museums, War Memorials, etc.

It is hoped that arrangements may be made for the delegates to visit at a special time the Brooklyn Museum and the Museum of the Hispanic Society, both of which are of great interest.

Luncheon will be served each day in the cafe of the Museum.

On Friday evening a series of round table dinners will be given, as last year, at the Hotel McAlpin, giving the delegates opportunity to get together and further discuss matters of common interest.

On Saturday, May 22d, the delegates are invited by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany to visit



Laurelton Hall, Oyster Bay, Long Island, Mr. Tiffany's country home, where he has lately established, on the Louis Comfort Tiffany Foundation, an Art Institute of a particularly beneficent and unique order. This is an exceptional opportunity and one of which all delegates will wish to avail themselves.

#### *The New Art Annual*

About the time this number of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART is issued, Volume XVI of *The American Art Annual* should come from the press. The delay in publication has been largely caused by the printers' strike in New York which extended over the months of November and December.

This volume includes not only a review

of the Year in Art, a list of the art museums in the country with reports of recent activities, and a list of art societies, organizations, schools, etc., and auction sales for the year, but also the *Who's Who*, a directory of more than 5,000 painters, sculptors and illustrators with addresses and biographical notes.

#### *The Blashfield Print*

There has been great difficulty in securing appropriate paper for the publication of the drawing by Mr. Blashfield which is to be sent this year in fac-simile to all associate members of The American Federation of Arts. A beautiful plate has been made and it is hoped that the print will be ready for issuance shortly.



RETURN FROM PASTURE

EDWARD C. VOLKERT

Alexander M. Hudnut Prize, New York Water Color Club's 1919 Exhibition

SOLD FROM ONE OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS TRAVELLING EXHIBITIONS



# DAWN

BY MAX WIECZOREK

See note, page 232





TED SHAWN

BY MAX WIECZOREK

See note, page 232

# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Published by The American Federation of Arts

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LEILA MECHLIN, Editor  
1741 New York Avenue, Washington, D. C.

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## BILL BOARDS ON THE COUNTRY ROADWAYS

In the January number of our magazine was published a series of sketches by Mr. Joseph Pennell of bill boards showing their present use, together with comments made by the artist on the artistic menace of this form of advertising. In a subsequent number we gave place to a plea by Mr. Thornton Oakley, the well known illustrator, for the improvement of the poster artistically rather than its abolishment. Elsewhere in this number will be found an account of a meeting held in Philadelphia at the call of the Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy to consider the regulation or the abolishment of the bill board. During these months we have had several exceedingly interesting and open-minded letters from the representatives of the American Bill Board Association and bill board advertisers, and we have been surprised at the zeal for art which our correspondents have evinced. There is an evident desire on the part of those who control this type of advertising to utilize the best artistic ability obtainable with the purpose of improving the character of

display. This is eminently commendable and obviously encouraging. That art and commerce should thus unite all are agreed. There are certain features, however, in connection with the bill board question which should be taken under consideration before giving too hearty approval to advertising of this character even when artistically fine.

In order to demonstrate the appreciation on the part of the bill board advertisers for the value of art in advertising, a copy of the *Poster Magazine*, published in Chicago and devoted to poster advertising and poster art, was kindly sent us by a representative of the Poster Advertising Association. While demonstrating the fact that the poster advertising men are anxious to obtain artistic posters, this publication also provides considerable material for serious consideration and thought.

For example, the opening article which is on "Posters and the Winter Tourist" has as a sub-heading the following, "Flower strewn Dixie Highway an appropriate setting for colorful twenty-four sheet posters," and in the article one reads that "all of our old friends will be seen along the joy trail of the Dixie Highway where they take on a new charm because of their delightful setting."

What a picture that brings to mind! A continuous double line of bill boards with twenty-four sheet posters advertising all sorts of merchandise which the tourist may or may not desire, from Virginia to Florida. No longer "a flower strewn Dixie Highway," but a poster-hedged highway.

Furthermore, the writer of this same article graphically explains the advantages of this type of advertising. "People *must* see them." "On the open road every ad has preferred position." "You do not *have* to read a magazine or a newspaper but the roadside bill board you *can not* escape." Furthermore, the author of this engaging article admits that to him there is "more real romance in the story of a successful business than in a ton of scenery." He prefers posters to trees and mountains, blue sky, clouds and birds. They are to him "significant of the times—significant of Americanism." They mean that "prosperity counts for more than a vase or an old valentine."



Are we ready to make the exchange?  
Are we willing to admit the impeachment?

Granted that a poster by Maxfield Parrish may be a work of art, may delight the eye, may charm the senses, may it not spoil a fine bit of landscape?

The primary purpose of a poster is to sell something, it is neither philanthropic nor altruistic and unless it fulfills this purpose it fails to be a good poster. It is begging the question to say that poster advertising is a matter of "public benefit," for although it is true that unless the merchant has a good article to sell, the large sums expended in advertising will only prove of temporary benefit, still it should be remembered that it is not the quality of the article which sells it, it is the amount of money and brains that is put into the display—the amount of space purchased and the amount of skill or art employed.

Furthermore, what limit is to be put on this form of advertising? One single poster in a stretch of many miles would not be seriously objectionable, but is there anything to prevent all the roadways and all the choicest spots being lined or hidden by bill boards? Has not every merchant the right that any one merchant has to use this form of advertising, and if so what defence has the public?

It is truly said that bill boards on the open road *must* be read. To an extent wherein lies their peculiar objectionableness. As free born American people why should we allow any one to compel us to read about his particular wares any more than we should permit the maker of these wares to stop us and harangue us on the street corner?

Seen in this light are not bill boards on the country roadways an infringement of private rights?

Bill boards properly regulated may be permissible in the towns and cities—and the more artistic the better. But bill boards on the country roadways no matter how attractive as works of art are certainly, to say the least, out of place—and unless they can be proved an essential adjunct of trade and civic betterment, which we do not think possible, they should be promptly abolished by appropriate legislation, before more of our "flower strewn highways" are thus completely despoiled.

## NOTES

### THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The spring of 1920 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Metropolitan Museum, and its Trustees propose to make an especial effort to celebrate this event in a manner which shall not only be worthy of the occasion, but shall emphasize the importance the Museum has attained as a national institution in the first fifty years of its growth, and shall also show the interest which the people of New York take in its progress and welfare.

As one feature of this celebration it is proposed to make an exhibition in which every department of the Museum shall have its due share; and it is desired to do this, first, by displaying its own collections at their best, and second, by supplementing these with works from private collections in and about New York, where its material can be enriched by such loans. Objects thus lent would not be segregated into a loan exhibition by themselves, but would be placed in the galleries of the several departments together with the Museum's objects of a kindred nature, and would be properly labeled with the lender's name.

If this project can be successfully carried out, it will not only be a testimony to visitors of the friendly relations that exist between the Museum and the private collectors of the city, and the readiness of the latter to join in the Museum's celebration, but will result in an exhibition which will be memorable for many years. It is hoped to open the exhibition early in May.

### THE WASHINGTON SOCIETY OF THE FINE ARTS

The Washington Society of the Fine Arts has just completed a most successful season. This Society was organized fifteen years ago and has a membership of over a thousand. Under its auspices have been given during the past winter a course of illustrated lectures on, "The Florentine Renaissance in Sculpture and Painting," by Charles Theodore Carruth which have been beautifully illustrated by remarkable colored slides; a course of literature lectures which has

been given by William Lyon Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy, St. John Ervine, William Butler Yeats and Richard E. Burton; three conferences, one on Music when the principal speaker was Thomas Whitney Surette, one on the Drama at which Granville Barker spoke on the "Only Possible Theatre," and one on Art at which Joseph Pennell lead the discussion by pointing out the value of "Art as a National Asset."

Besides this, the Washington Society of the Fine Arts has conducted a series of evening orchestral concerts given by the New York Symphony Society under the direction of Walter Damrosch and a series of song recitals at which the following were heard: Greta Torpadie, Francis Rogers, Ruano Bogislav, Walter Bogert and Eva Gauthier.

These lectures and recitals, because of their high standard and educational value have, through the permission of the Board of Education, been given in the handsome auditorium of the Central High School Building which seats approximately 2,000 persons and the audiences have ranged from fifteen hundred to twenty-two hundred persons.

The orchestral concerts have been a special feature, Mr. Damrosch in his inimitable manner at the piano analyzing the chief compositions and thus making them more significant to the audience. Seats for these concerts have been sold to members of the Society and others at the moderate price of fifty cents to one dollar each, thus enabling those of exceedingly moderate means to hear the best music.

The Washington Society of the Fine Arts is not only a chapter of the American Federation of Arts and closely allied to it, but in a way it is the parent of the national organization having initiated the plan for its formation. It has naturally been peculiarly in touch with national art problems and has done much toward furthering the advancement of art at the National Capital.

Believing that local interest must be increased by general knowledge, it has for several years subscribed for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART for all of its members and the results have, it is thought, amply justified the belief.

Besides giving the courses of lectures, lecture-recitals and concerts this Society assists the local art organizations in holding annual exhibitions and takes an active part in the promotion of civic art in its various phases. It is distinctly a live, up-to-date organization. The president is William Bruce King and the secretary is Leila Mechlin.

**BILLBOARDS** A meeting of representatives of the leading art and civic associations in Philadelphia to discuss the billboard menace was held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on the afternoon of Monday, February 9th at 4 o'clock at the invitation of the Fellowship of the Academy. Miss Mary Butler, a Vice-President of the Fellowship, presided.

All of the art societies and the architectural organizations were represented by delegates as well as the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution, the Civic, New Century, Philomuseum, Little Gardens, Garden Club of Philadelphia, the State Art Commission, the City Art Jury, Five chiefs of city departments were there or sent representatives. One of the speakers was the Assistant City Solicitor. Among the other speakers were Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. Andrew Wright Crawford, Mr. Albert Kelsey, Mr. Wilson Eyre, and Miss Leila Mechlin, Secretary of the American Federation of Arts.

Two resolutions were presented, one by Mr. Pennell, the other by Mr. Crawford; were adopted in spirit and referred to a Committee to be formulated and presented at a mass meeting to be held at a later date.

The resolution by Mr. Pennell urged that steps be taken to remove at once all sky-signs, billboards and other forms of outdoor advertisement and that an ordinance be introduced into councils to prevent the erection on public spaces or buildings of any such signs in future.

Mr. Crawford's resolution was less sweeping, but proposed an ordinance forbidding the use of billboards in residential sections or in business sections except for advertising the business carried on upon the property upon which the billboard should be erected. It also congratulated the Supreme Court of the State of Minnesota upon its decision handed down on Janu-



ary 23d of this year, holding that "It is time that Courts recognize the aesthetic as a factor in life and that beauty and fitness enhance values in public and private structures. But it is not sufficient that the building is fit and proper, standing alone, it should also fit in with surrounding structures to some degree."

Pennsylvania is at the present time revising its Constitution and at this meeting the following clause to be inserted in the Constitution was presented and approved—"Section 19 A. A General Assembly may by law regulate or restrict, or may authorize any municipality to regulate or restrict advertising on public ways, in public places and on private property within public view."

The general sentiment at the meeting was distinctly in favor of municipal or governmental restriction of billboard use, but at the same time there was an evident recognition of the possibility under such regulations of continuing the practice, and a desire on the part of some to urge the improvement through the use of art, of the character of the signs displayed.

It was a most interesting meeting evidencing a fine spirit of cooperation on the part of the city officials, the artist, and the several organizations represented.

#### THE FELLOWSHIP'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION

To the impartial observer there was much more interest in the bright little exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy Fellowship

in the Galleries of the Art Alliance, on view until March 7th, than in the regular Academy's Annual Show. The work of the hanging committee was better and a number of canvases that were declined by the Academy jury found a place there and added no little to the general good quality of the collection. At the same time it must be noted there was a tendency that appeared to limit the practice of most of these painters who had been students in the Academy schools to the methods and mannerisms of their instructors, and while the work was carried out according to the regulation recipe learned in the art school there was lacking the fresh note, the break away from the accepted vogue in art. A number of the canvases could have been

done by the same hand—so uniform were they in their technique. There were others, however, to which this remark does not apply like the harbor scenes and shipping by Katherine L. Farrell, the fine bit of impressionistic painting in "The Conversation," by Walter Emerson Baum, remarkable effect of light in Blanche Dillaye's "Candle Glow," a number of good landscapes by Mary Butler, a portrait of Violet Oakley by Edith Emerson, an effective street scene in Newport by Paulette Van Rockens, an attractive female head, "Au Cafe," by Albert Rosenthal, "The Fishing Beach, Manisquam," by J. C. Claghorn, "January," a snow picture by Elizabeth F. Washington and S. G. Phillips' little one having a "Quiet Hour." There were four capital pastel drawings by J. McLure Hamilton and a good portrait, "Janet," by Grace Evans. One hundred and forty-one paintings and drawings were shown as well as five pieces of sculpture.

#### CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE

The following notes in regard to the Chicago Art Institute and its activities are taken from the Annual Report of the Institute published in its *Bulletin*, and are of special interest as indicative of the great Museum's development and scope.

The attendance at the museum during 1919 shows a large increase in paid and membership admissions. The total attendance was 1,040,000. The largest number of paid admissions to the building ever registered in one day, 735, was made on December 30th.

The largest bequest ever received by the Institute came through the will of the late George B. Harris. It has reached the unprecedented sum of over \$1,100,000 and will be further increased upon the final settlement of the estate. A permanent fund, in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Harris, is established—the income of which is to be used for the general purposes of the Art Institute. Other bequests were: The greater part of the \$50,000 which is to establish the Albert Arnold Sprague Endowment, yielding an income for general use; a sum of approximately \$75,000 left by Mrs. Abbie E. Mead to establish the "W. L. Mead Trust Fund for the Encouragement of Art," of which the income will be used for a pur-



PORTRAIT BUST IN PLASTER OF PROFESSOR EDWARD  
DRINKER COPE

MODELED FROM LIFE IN 1897 BY EUGENE CASTELLO  
Presented by Subscription to The University of  
Pennsylvania

chase or prize in an annual exhibition; an unrestricted bequest of \$75,000 from Mrs. George N. Culver; \$45,000 of which the income is unrestricted, received from the estate of Ferdinand Schapper as the "Ella M. Schapper Memorial Fund"; collections of idols, Chinese snuff boxes, and books bequeathed by Henry H. Getty; an oil painting by Frederick E. Church, a memorial to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Dana Webster, left to the museum by Mrs. N. Jeannette Hamlin.

In the Extension Department during the past year twenty-four engagements, many of them five or six days' duration, were made and filled in eight middle western, southern, and western states, and one engagement in Canada. Nineteen bookings have already been made for 1920. The successful Better Homes Institute held during a state fair in Oklahoma has elicited inquiries from seventeen other states concerning that phase of the extension work.

Sales of pictures which were very light during the war, have greatly increased in number since last summer. The sales in

the one-man exhibitions have been unusually large. During the annual American exhibition the sales amounted to over \$7,000, not including the purchases made by the Friends of American Art. From November 6th to December 31, 1919, artists received \$25,700 from sales of their works at the Art Institute.

The total number of members of all classes in 1919 was 9,202 a gain of 2,257 members or 32½ per cent over the previous year. The maximum hitherto was 7,700 members at the beginning of the war in April 1917.

PRINTS  
AT THE  
CLEVELAND  
ART MUSEUM

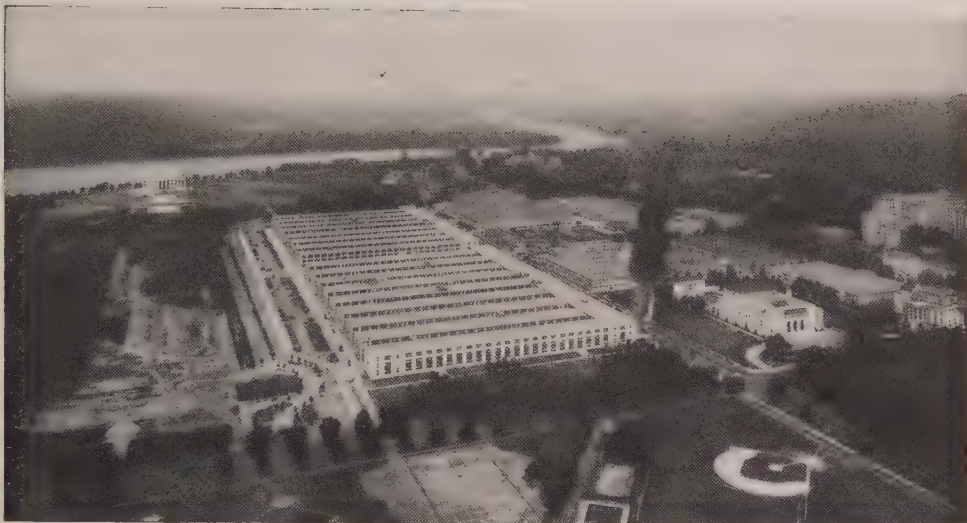
A Print Department has recently been organized at the Cleveland Museum of Art. Mr. Ralph King, the Curator, is planning a series of exhibitions, starting with a collection of twenty-nine etchings and four lithographs by Charles A. Platt lent by William G. Mather, a Trustee of the Museum and of the Print Club. To this collection will be added seven etchings lent by E. L. Whittemore and one lent by S. Prentiss Baldwin, and other prints by Mr. Platt owned in Cleveland.

Mr. McKee, assistant in the Department, went east in February to study the methods of mounting, storing, recording and exhibiting practiced in the Print Departments of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the New York Public Library.

A special exhibition of Cleveland-owned paintings, etchings and lithographs by James McNeill Whistler was held in the Museum from February 18th to March 4th inclusive.

The Print Department starts its career with the backing of the newly organized Print Club made up of enthusiastic print lovers who intend to do everything in their power to build up an important Museum collection of etchings, lithographs and engravings. The Club will have its headquarters at the Museum. A series of conferences will be arranged during the season when members will bring prints from their portfolios for comparison, and present papers on different masters. The Club starts with several Founders and





VIEW OF THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

Showing the emplacement of "temporary" buildings for the War and Navy Departments erected during the war in Potomac Park where a bit of woodland like that on the left had been planted

Benefactors as well as a fair number of members. The President is Mr. C. T. Brooks, the Secretary Mr. Ralph M. Coe.

MR. LESLIE W.  
MILLER, A  
LEADER IN  
INDUSTRIAL  
ART  
EDUCATION  
RETIRES

Mr. Leslie W. Miller, for forty years principal of the School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia, has announced his resignation to take effect this coming June. Mr. Miller is now seventy-two years of age

and he expresses his desire that he may step out while he may do so with a fairly firm step and while he can feel that the School has never done anything but advance under his direction.

Mr. Miller moved to Philadelphia from Boston in 1880. He had been graduated from the Massachusetts Normal Art School, beginning his career as a portrait painter and at the same time teaching in Adams Academy, Quincy, Mass. Mr. Miller's early life was influenced greatly by the teachings of Walter Smith, who came from England to promote the study of art as applied to industry. When the effects of the Centennial Exhibition were being felt, a number of men who wished to perpetuate those ideas invited Mr. Miller to take charge of the school, which just had been established and then was in 1709 Chestnut

Street. He became principal, registrar and chief instructor, the students numbering only seventy-three. Since his incumbency the school has grown to such an extent that there are forty members in the faculty now and the student body aggregates more than 1,300.

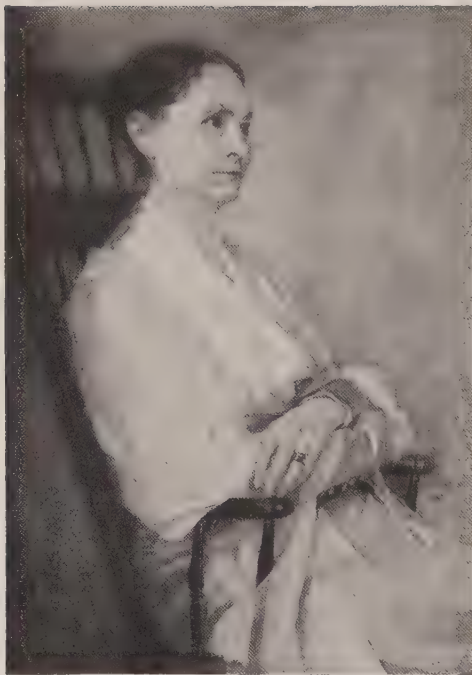
Mr. Miller's efforts for civic and social betterment did not cease outside the school room, and his activities as founder and secretary of the Art Club and his connection as secretary with the Fairmount Park Art Association and other similar societies show he has played an important part in the art life of Philadelphia.

There are few who have done so much as he to foster art and to encourage the development of the industrial arts in this country.

MUSIC IN THE  
WORCESTER  
ART MUSEUM

The Worcester Art Museum following the example of many similar institutions has introduced music in the Gallery for the benefit of the public. Beginning November 30th a series of concerts has been held in this Museum, which have called forth much appreciation from the people of the city. The attendance which began at over a thousand went up to over 1,800.

Mr. Raymond Wyer, the Director, writes enthusiastically in the Museum *Bulletin*



PORTRAIT BY MARY VAN DER VEER

of the way these concerts have been received. "Moreover," he says, "when one watches the crowds composed of so many nationalities—Americans in the making—and the splendid order maintained and the appreciation shown, one cannot help being convinced of the enormous influence this good music will have on the future of the community as well as the Museum."

The Worcester Museum has lately acquired a fine early American painting, a portrait of Col. Thomas Petit by Charles Willson Peale.

#### INDUSTRIAL ART IN NEW YORK

In connection with an exhibition of hand decorated fabrics set forth at the galleries of the Art Alliance of America, 10 East 47th Street, New York, from March 6th to 27th, two interesting conferences were held, one by Miss Frances Morris on "The Metropolitan Museum as a Source of Inspiration," and the other by Prof. Charles E. Pellew on "Dye Stuffs and Their Relation to the Handicrafts." There was also a batik demonstration by Pieter Mijer.

Twelve money prizes were distributed at this exhibition all of which were donated by members of the trade. The competition was inaugurated by Mr. Albert Blum and there has been a steady increase of interest shown in it. This year 418 pieces of hand decorated fabrics were sent in by 118 contributors residing in 16 states.

An Industrial Arts Council has recently been organized in New York to develop ways and means for establishing a practical method of educating American designers and craftsmen. At the first meeting twenty-nine industrial, art and educational organizations were represented by delegates.

W. Frank Purdy of the Gorham Company was elected Chairman, and John Clyde Oswald, editor of the *American Printer*, Vice-Chairman.

#### ORIENTAL ART FOR ST. LOUIS MUSEUM

The St. Louis Art Museum through the generosity of Mr. William K. Bixby, its President, has lately received an endowment of \$50,000, the income from which will be immediately available for the purchase of Oriental art objects. Mr. Bixby has also given to the Museum a sum of \$2,000, the interest upon it is to be compounded annually for a period of one hundred years, at the end of which time the principal and accumulated interest will be available for the maintenance of the Museum.

During an extended trip through Japan, Corea and China last fall Mr. Bixby secured for the Museum a large and varied group of important examples of the art of those countries. Among the specimens thus acquired, several figures of Buddhas and Bodhisattva, a large group of Japanese prints and two suits of fine old armor, are of particular significance because previously lacking or very inadequately represented in the Museum's collection of Far Eastern art. This is especially true of the sculpture, of which, prior to these accessions, the Museum possessed no examples. Other objects acquired at the same time include a bronze ritual vase of the Chou period; two pottery jars, Han period; pottery animals, T'ang period; painting, carved jade, lapis lazuli, porcelains and textiles of Sung and later periods. The Japanese objects em-



brace armor, textiles, painting, prints, bronze sculpture, masks and a notable group of carved metal door handles.

FF

ART IN  
WASHINGTON

The Print Division of the Library of Congress is holding an exhibition of recent accessions comprising etchings, lithographs and engravings. The etching section includes over 400 prints, all of which have been acquired by purchase during the last two years. A large number of these etchings are by French etchers, but there is also a fair representation of works by British and American etchers both contemporary and of an early date.

The National Gallery of Art has recently received from a private collector who prefers to remain anonymous, a portrait of a lady by Zorn. It is a large canvas showing the lady in a white flowered satin evening gown seated on a sofa upholstered in rose pink damask against a golden Japanese screen which forms the background.

During February the special exhibition gallery at the Corcoran Gallery of Art was occupied by a comprehensive collection of paintings in oil and water color by Charles H. Woodbury which aroused an unusual amount of interest.

During March this same gallery has been occupied by an exhibition of paintings selected from the private collections of Mrs. D. C. Phillips and her son, Mr. Duncan Phillips. The paintings were of an essentially individual type by both American and foreign painters emphasizing the qualities which the modernists have inherited from the French impressionists.

At the Arts Club a notable collection of Birger Sandzen's paintings and lithographs was shown in February to be replaced in March by the Society of Washington Artists' Annual Exhibition.

ART IN  
MILWAUKEE

At the Milwaukee Art Institute the "American Painters' Exhibit," which opened in February was to be seen for sometime in March when it was replaced by a collection of paintings by A. E. Webster of Provincetown, Mass.

At the same time an exhibition in tempera by Henry G. Keller, organized by the Cleveland Museum of Art, was on view.



ETCHING BY KATHERINE CAMERON

INCLUDED IN RECENT ACCESSIONS EXHIBITION, PRINT DIVISION,  
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



The Industrial exhibit for March, held by the Institute, was that assembled by the Architectural League of New York and sent out on circuit by the American Federation of Arts.

In April the Institute's entire building will be devoted to a joint exhibition of the "Wisconsin Painters and Sculptors" and the "Wisconsin Society of Applied Arts."

Under the auspices of the Women's Clubs of Wisconsin a continuous series of Folk Handicraft Exhibits has been held at the Institute during the past season. This, however, in April will be omitted and in its place will be shown works by Wisconsin craftsmen.

#### ART IN CHICAGO

In the Chicago development plan, the evolution of a district concentrating workers in the creative arts near art dealers, is a fact unexpected in its realization. At present artists' studios are found in the Fine Arts Building, Tree, Monroe, and one or two other business structures. The leading art dealers are on or close to Michigan avenue within a half-mile of the Art Institute. About May 1st, there will be a great change. One of the longest established dealers has taken an old residence half a mile north of the "Loop" and the Chicago river on North Michigan avenue. Across the street, another dealer in antiques who serves interior decorators, has taken a house. Within a block or two, are two colonies of artists' studios being remodelled and leased by young artists, painters, sculptors, and designers, and nearby is the famous Tree Studio Building with its two annexes. The location on the broad avenue, which is approached by the new double decker bridge from South Michigan Boulevard is becoming a handsome business district unlike any in the world. The bridge is to have monumental architectural approaches. The facades of the old buildings, which had been cut in half to widen the streets, approach the Gothic in their ornamentation. The transformation suggests the wand of a fairy tale in its surprising beauty. The art dealers' establishments will open this spring in palatial houses in which there will be galleries for paintings, other rooms appropriate for ceramics and the oriental arts.

The Central States Division of the Art Alliance, B. F. Affick, president of the Portland Cement Company, its newly elected head, has opened its spring campaign for "Training the Designer." Mr. Affick's inaugural address was "What the Designer Can Do for the Manufacturer." The Board of Directors of the Chicago group includes only those who constitute a link between the artists and the enterprises needing their assistance.

The National Art Service League met at the Chicago headquarters in the Fine Arts Building February 26th. William B. Moss, Chairman of the Americanization Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, made an address on "Americanization." Representatives of the departments of painting, sculpture, applied arts, literature, and music were present and reported on the activities of their members in the Art Service League.

The Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, Mrs. James W. Parker, chairman, is promoting the circulation of a collection of paintings and a group of fifty etchings, the latter from the Chicago Society of Etchers, in the rural districts remote from larger towns where general exhibitions are held. Written lectures accompany these collections. The District Federations have organized plans for the study of art with pictures, and each district has called its clubs together for assemblies with eminent speakers on "Town Improvement," "Zoning," "Industrial Art," "Interior Decoration" and "Gardening." The local artists and art crafters exhibit at these assemblies, pictures are sold, and the neighborhoods made acquainted with the artists living in the vicinity.

N. C. WYETH'S AN exhibition of paintings and illustrations by N. C. WYETH EXHIBITED  
Pratt Institute Art Gallery February 18th to March 6th. This exhibition included Mr. Wyeth's illustrations for "King Arthur," "Kidnapped," "The Black Arrow," "Mysterious Island" and a miscellaneous series of illustrations. In connection with the exhibition the following appreciation was published by the Pratt Institute.

"Not since the exhibition by Howard



Pyle in this gallery several years ago has the art of the illustrator been more ably represented than in the present exhibition by Mr. N. C. Wyeth. The public is well acquainted with his color illustrations that have appeared from season to season in the delightfully attractive special editions of popular classics. Mr. Wyeth has made a valuable contribution to the juvenile public not only in stimulating by his forceful illustrations a new interest in the best books for youth, but he has given what is of inestimable importance, a standard of excellence in illustrative art through his fine execution, beauty of composition, power of expression, and harmonious and beautiful color that has been of vital educational value in art appreciation for youthful readers. Each picture is a complete and satisfying illumination of the subject matter enriching as it supplements the authors text.

"Mr. Wyeth was born in Needham, Mass., in 1882. He attended the Normal Art and Eric Pape art schools of Boston. Later he studied with Howard Pyle for four years in Wilmington, Del. He has since made his home in Chadds Ford, Pa., a remote farming community in the picturesque Brandywine Valley where he has worked persistently from nature, landscape, figures and animals. Working amid these surroundings, he has illustrated: 'Treasure Island,' 'Kidnapped,' 'The Black Arrow,' by Robert Louis Stevenson; 'The Boy's King Arthur,' by Sidney Lanier; 'Mysterious Island,' by Jules Verne; 'Robin Hood,' by Paul Creswick; 'The Mysterious Stranger,' by Mark Twain; 'The Last of the Mohicans,' by James Fenimore Cooper.

"Mr. Wyeth is a member of the Philadelphia Water Color Club, the Wilmington Institute of Fine Arts, the Philadelphia Art Alliance and the Society of American Illustrators. He has secured the Beck prize in the Philadelphia Water Color Club, a gold medal at the Pacific Panama Exposition and three first prizes in the Wilmington Institute of Fine Arts."

Assistant Professor Paul J. Sachs of the Fogg Museum, Harvard University, has gone to Europe with the object of securing accessions for the University Museum. He expects to remain until September.

## ITEMS

The Baltimore Water Color Club opened its Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition at the Peabody Institute on March 15th, continuing until April 11th.

A prize of \$100 given by Mrs. Harry C. Jones for the best picture in color or in black and white was awarded this year for the first time, as was also a prize of equal amount given by Mrs. Robert Brown Morrison awarded to the artist showing the best group of paintings.

The Jury of Selection for this exhibition was Henry B. Snell, George Elmer Browne and Richard Blossom Farley. Lilian Giffen is President of the Club and Eleanor H. Hurd is Acting Secretary.

In connection with the Carnegie Institute's International Exhibition which opens April 29th, will be shown two notable groups by individual artists. These are a collection of oil paintings and pastels by Emile René Menard, 20 in number, and a group of 13 bronzes by Rodin.

It is understood from the prospectus that this exhibition is exceedingly promising as regards the quantity and quality of the work contributed by both foreign and American artists.

The Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts will be held in the Annex of the Wadsworth Athenaeum at Hartford from April 19th to May 2d, inclusive. This will include oil paintings and sculpture.

Daniel F. Wentworth is Chairman of the Jury of Selection and President of the Academy. James Goodwin McManus is Secretary.

Three prizes will be given at this exhibition, the Charles Noel Flagg Prize of \$100 for the best work of art shown, completed within two years of the opening of the exhibition; the Dunham Prize of \$25 for the best portrait done by a man under 35 years of age, either painting or in sculpture; and the Hudson Prize of \$25 for the best work of art by a woman.

A second exhibition of paintings was held by the Society of Connecticut Artists in Hartford, Conn., from March 15th to 31st.

The Art Alliance of Philadelphia proposes to hold from May 11th to June 11th, an exhibition of sculpture under the auspices of the Sculpture Committee of the Alliance, in Rittenhouse Square, the galleries and gardens. It will consist of large groups, fountains and decorative pieces suitable for exhibition out-of-doors and in gardens as well as smaller pieces to be shown in the galleries.

The Chairman of the Committee is Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, and the members are Mrs. Samuel S. Fleisher, Mrs. Anna Coleman Ladd, Miss Sophie Norris, Mr. Charles Grafly, Mr. Albert Laessle and Mr. Harvey Watts.

The New Haven Paint and Clay Club announces its Twentieth Annual Exhibition to be held at the Yale School of Fine Arts, New Haven, Conn., from April 11th to May 2d inclusive. Of this Society John I. H. Downes is President, Miss M. H. Hadley, Assistant Secretary.

A Hindu temple is being erected in the Pennsylvania Museum, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. This temple consisting of 64 architectural units is being set up in one of the Museum's great halls which it will completely fill. This temple, which was brought from India by a Philadelphian some years ago, is being re-erected under the charge of Mr. Langden Warner, Director of the Museum, and Dr. Coomaraswamy of the Oriental Department of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the foremost authority on Hindu architecture in this country. There is a possibility that it is no less than 3,000 years old, but its several units are in splendid state of preservation. Curiously the carved figures on many of the massive columns are suggestive of the art of Egypt. When it is entirely in place a Hindu pageant is to be given, with it as a setting, in way of celebration.

Elsewhere in this magazine are reproduced two figure paintings by Max Wieczorek of Los Angeles, Cal., both of which were included in an exhibition shown first at the Minnesota State Fair and then in Rockford, Ill., under the auspices of the Rockford Art Association, and later in St. Louis at the Art Museum, in Milwaukee

and Chicago. At the Minnesota State Fair the collection was shown in a special gallery and attracted much favorable attention.

This exhibition as a whole was most notable. Mr. Maurice I. Flagg was superintendent of fine arts and Dudley Crafts Watson, the director of the Milwaukee Art Institute, acted as special guide giving many gallery talks to interested visitors. Mr. Flagg estimates that no less than 25,000 people viewed this art exhibition.

Mr. Wieczorek is a member of the California Art Club and was awarded the silver medal at the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego.

The Arts Club of Washington has undertaken to raise through the coöperation of all lovers of freedom throughout the country a sufficient sum to erect a national peace tower and carillon in Washington as a tribute to the heroic resistance of Belgium, in recollection of our dead and those of our allies and in enduring commemoration of the great victory we have won over imperialism. The plan is to erect at the National Capital a bell tower as fine as any of those in the old world with the best and largest carillon that the expert bell founders of the world can provide.

In connection with the orchestral concerts given at the Metropolitan Museum Miss Frances Morris has given a series of lectures in the Auditorium on the afternoons preceeding, analyzing and describing the numbers on the program in the evening. Mrs. Henry L. de Forest and Miss Marie Louise Todd have illustrated Miss Morris' talks on the piano and by instruments from the Crosby-Brown Collection.

Walter M. Stone, during the past five years instructor in printing and publishing in the Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University, has lately been appointed head of the Graphic Arts Department of the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

The Detroit Society will show during April a complete exhibition of works in sculpture by Anna Vaughn Hyatt.